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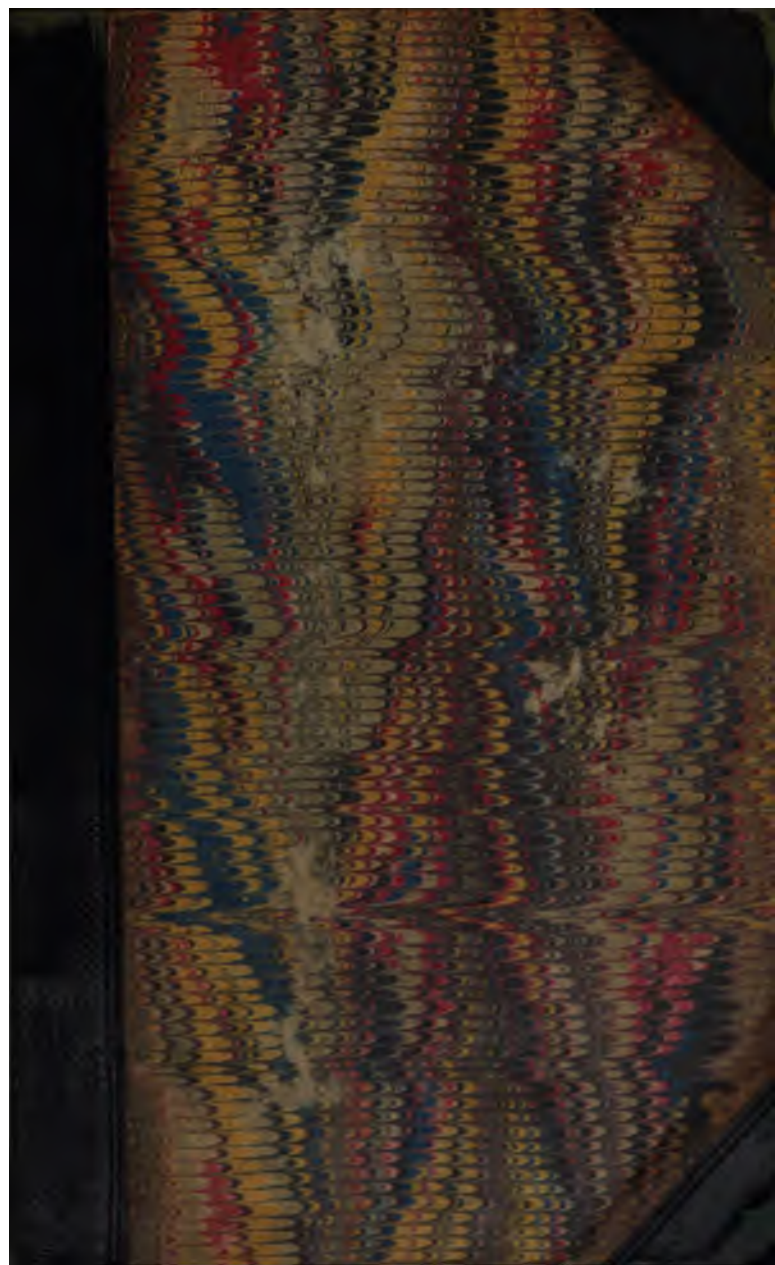
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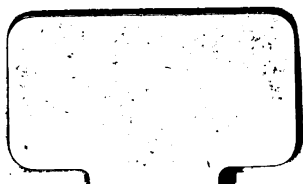
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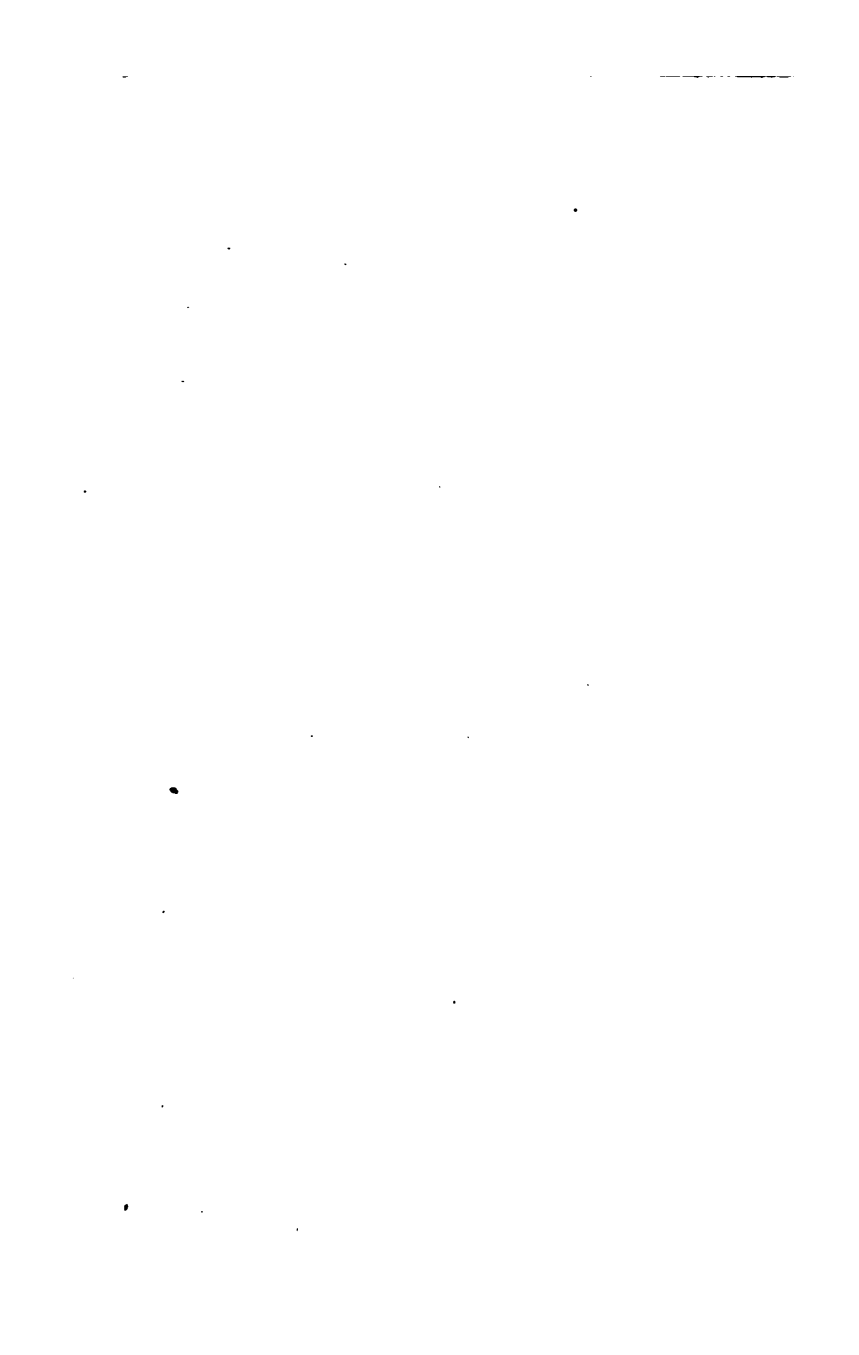
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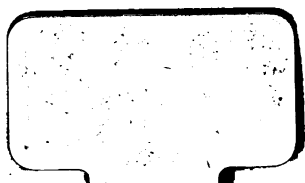


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THE
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VOL. XVIII.



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XVIII.

MILTON, VOL. III.

CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,
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FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, R. TRIPHOOK, J. EBERS,
TAYLOR AND HESSEY, R. JENNINGS, G. COWIE AND CO.
N. HAILES, J. PORTER, B. E. LLOYD AND SON,
C. SMITH, AND C. WHITTINGHAM.

1822.



THE
POEMS

OF
John Milton.

VOL. III.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.



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SAMSON AGONISTES.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, κ. τ. λ.

ARISTOT. *Poet.* Cap. 6.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per misericordiam
et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest

writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax; but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled *Christ suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons; which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though Ancient Tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the

ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, or *Epode*, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called *Allœostropha*. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

The Argument.

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. There he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence: he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

THE PERSONS.

Samson.	Harapha, of Gath.
Manoah, the Father of	Public Officer.
Samson.	Messenger.
Dalila, his Wife.	Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON, *Attendant leading him.*

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on ;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.
There I am wont to sit when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily, in the common prison else enjoin'd me ;
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and
sweet,
With day-spring born : here leave me to respire.—
This day a solemn feast the people hold

To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works : unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me : hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts ; that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O ! wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, as from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race ?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits ; if I must die
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze ;
To grind in brazen fetters under task [strength,
With this Heaven-gifted strength ? O glorious
Put to the labor of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave ! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver :
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke !
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction : what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself ?

Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears:
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome;
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me' is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm: the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark! amid the blaze of noon

Irrecoverably dark ! total eclipse
Without all hope of day !
O first created Beam ! and thou great Word,
“ Let there be light ! and light was over all ; ”
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part ; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore ?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried ; but, O yet more miserable !
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave ;
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs :
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way ;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to' insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Enter CHORUS.

CHO. This, this is he : softly awhile,
Let us not break in upon him.
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
With languish'd head unpropp'd,
As one past hope, abandon'd,
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soil'd !
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd [withstand;
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron;
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantéan proof?
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalo-
Fled from his lion ramp : old warriors turn'd [nite
Their plated backs under his heel; [dust.
Or, grovelling, soil'd their crested helmets in the
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day. [bore
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders

The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the gentiles feign to bear up heaven.
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage or lost sight;
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul, [plain]
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause com-
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light
 To' incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light, alas!
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth, unparallel'd!
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.
 For him I reckon not in high estate
 Whom long descent of birth,
 Or the' sphere of fortune, raises;
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdued the earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

SAM. I hear the sound of words; their sense the
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear. [air]

CHO. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief; [might,
 We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,

From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee ; or, if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores : apt words have power to swage
The tumors of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAM. Your coming, Friends ! revives me ; for
Now of my own experience, not by talk, [I learn,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription, (of the most
I would be understood ;) in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O Friends !
How many evils have inclosed me round ;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness ; for had I sight, confused with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd : and for a word, a tear,
Fool ! have divulged the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman ? tell me, Friends !
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street ? Do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts ! Yet why ?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean :
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd ;
These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

CHO. Tax not divine disposal : wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived ;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides :

Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
Than of thy own tribe fairer, or as fair :
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAM. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel. They knew not
That what I motion'd was of God : I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
The marriage on, that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife
(O that I never had ! fond wish too late),
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end ; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors : of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself ;
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weak-
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman. [ness !)

CHO. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness :
Yet Israël still serves with all his sons.

SAM. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd,
Deliverance offer'd : I on the other side
Used no ambition to commend my deeds ; [doer.
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retired ;
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them, what advantaged best.
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round :
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands ; and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords : but cords to me were threads
Touch'd with the flame. On their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth : they only lived who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom they now serve.
But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favor raised
As their deliverer ? if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?
CHO. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penue!
Their great deliverer condemn'd,
The matchless Gideon, in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings :
And how ingrateful Ephraim

Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many died
Without reprieve, adjudged to death,
For want of well-pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAM. Of such examples add me to the roll ;
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's proposed deliverance not so.

CHO. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men ;
Unless there be, who think not God at all :
If any be, they walk obscure ;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be, who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting ;
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution ;
Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved,
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the' Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself ;
And hath full right to' exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstruction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt ;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the' enemy just cause,

To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaste.

Down, reason, then ; at least vain reasonings,
Though reason here aver, [down ;
That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see ! here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah. Advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

SAM. Ah me ! another inward grief, awaked
With mention of that name, renews the' assault.

Enter MANOAH.

MAN. Brethren and men of Dan ! for such ye
seem,
Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after ; say if he be here.

CHO. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

MAN. O miserable change ! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight ; who single combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd

At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh! what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock, a reproach: I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy:—
Who would be now a father in my stead?
O! wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did the' angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy', as of a plant
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be' it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

SAM. Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father!
Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me
But justly: I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause. If aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly', who have profaned
The mystery of God given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,

But warn'd by oft experience. Did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her highth
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stored, in what part summ'd, that she might
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport [know:
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself;
Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not, day nor night,
To storm me over-watch'd, and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yoked
Her bond-slave: O indignity! O blot
To honor and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fallen,
These rags, this grinding is not yet so base

As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I served.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, Son!
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsions prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our foes.

I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph: thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to' have kept
Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault:
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson! bound and blind into their hands;
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
Besides whom is no god, compared with idols;
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn
By the' idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson! of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

SAM. Father! I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honor, I this pomp, have brought

To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
Among the heathen round ; to God have brought
Dishonor, obloquy, and oped the mouths
Of idolists, and atheists ; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols ;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest. .
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end : all the contest is now
Twixt God and Dagon : Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked ;
But will arise, and his great name assert :
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and
these words

I as a prophecy receive ; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his Name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done ?
Thou must not, in the meanwhile here forgot,
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,
Neglected. I already have made way

To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom : well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAM. Spare that proposal, Father ! spare the
Of that solicitation ; let me here, [trouble
As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front ? But I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully ; a sin
That gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

MAN. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite ;
But act not in thy own affliction, Son !
Repent the sin ; but, if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ;
Or the' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself : perhaps
God will relent, and 'quit thee all his debt ;
Who ever more approves, and more accepts
(Best pleased with humble and filial submission),
Him, who, imploring mercy, sues for life,
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due ;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased

For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means, who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to his country and thy sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd.

SAM. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it ? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heaven foretold, and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about admired of all and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront ;
Then swollen with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life ;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shaven, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

CHO. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldst repress ; nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

SAM. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure

With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd : nor envied them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHO. O madness ! to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

SAM. But what avail'd this temperance, not
Against another object more enticing ? [complete
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd ? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonor'd,
quell'd,

To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdensome drone ; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustering down,
Vain monument of strength ; till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure ?
Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread ;
Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,
Consume me, and oft invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with
that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them ?
Better at home lie bed-ridden, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.

But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to' allay
After the brunt of battle, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so ; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks ?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAM. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light ;
Nor the' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat. Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself ;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which
 proceed
From anguish of the mind and humors black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else : meanwhile be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

[*Exit.*

SAM. O that torment should not be confined
To the body's wounds and sores
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins ;
But must secret passage find
To the' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,

And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage ;
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
His destined from the womb,
Promised by heavenly message twice descending.
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up, and thrived amain.
He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the' uncircumcised, our enemies :
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provoked,
Left me all helpless with the' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.

Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless :
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHO. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ [sought,
With studied argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought :
But with the' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers ! what is man !
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not evenly, as thou rulest
The' angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,
Heads without name no more remember'd ;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory;

And people's safety, which in part they' effect :
 Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft,
 Amidst their highth of noon,
 Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no
 Of highest favors past [regard
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismission,
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them
 Unseemly falls in human eye, [high ;
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission ;
 Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived ;
 Or to the' unjust tribunals, under change of times,
 And condemnation of the' ingrateful multitude.
 If these they 'scape, 'perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deform'd,
 In crude old age ;
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,
 Just, or unjust, alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already !
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
 His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end.—

But who is this, what thing of sea or land ?
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship

Of Tarsus, bound for the' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

SAM. My wife! my traitress! let her not come
near me. [thee fix'd,

CHO. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes
About to' have spoke; but now, with head de-
clined,

Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

Enter DALILA.

DAL. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson!
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet, if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw),
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assured. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease

Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

SAM. Out, out, Hyæna! these are thy wonted
And arts of every woman false like thee, [arts,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
His virtue' or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.

DAL. Yet hear me, Samson! not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence;
But that on the' other side, if it be weigh'd
By' itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, impórtune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known

For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's
frailty:

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mind towards thee,
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me
As her at Timna, sought by' all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assured by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed:
Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,

Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much
 Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd. [woe,
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAM. How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, the' example,
 I led the way: bitter reproach, but true:
 I to myself was false ere thou to me;
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed: which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it; weakness to resist
 Philistian gold. If weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.
 But love constrain'd thee: call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to' have love;
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the
 To raise in me inexpiable hate, [way
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
 In vain thou strivest to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DAL. Since thou determinest weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy' own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,

What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;
Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,
The constantest to' have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me. Thou know'st the magis-
trates

And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honorable, how glorious, to' entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation : and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonorer of Dagon : what had I
To' oppose against such powerful arguments ?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contést : at length that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me, and prevail'd ;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoining.

SAM. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy ! [end ;
But had thy love, still odiously pretended, [thee
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I, before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation, chose thee from among
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st ;

Too well ; unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;
Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd ?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country : nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection, but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations ;
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear ;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee ;
To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods unable
To' acquit themselves and prosecute their foes,
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;
Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd.
These false pretexts and varnish'd colors failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear !

DAL. In argument with men, a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAM. For want of words no doubt, or lack of
breath ;

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson !
Afford me place to show what recompense
Towards thee' I intend for what I have misdone,

Misguided : only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To' afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights,
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to' abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
That, what by me thou' hast lost, thou least shalt
miss.

SAM. No, no ! of my condition take no care ;
It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain :
Nor think me so unwary or accursed
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught. I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins and toils :
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power ; their force is null'd ;
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd,
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Loved, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst
hate me
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me ;
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,

And last neglected ! How wouldst thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thralldom ! how again betray me,
Bear my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile !
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DAL. Let me approach at least, and touch thy
hand. [wake

SAM. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee : go with that !
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives !
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason ! so farewell !

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas ; yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore :
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself ; and, suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ;
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounced ?
To mix with thy concerns I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouth'd,
And with contráry blast proclaims most deeds ;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcised
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,

To all posterity may stand defamed,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
But in my country, where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Ashdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
With odors visited and annual flowers;
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honor and reward,
Confer'd upon me for the piety
Which to my country I was judged to have shown.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [*Exit.*]

CHO. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAM. So let her go; God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life. [power,

CHO. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAM. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

CHO. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,

Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit ;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit

(Which way soever men refer it),
Much like thy riddle, Samson ! in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd

Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compared,
Successor in thy bed ;

Nor both so loosely disallied

Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

Is it for that such outward ornament

Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts

Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,

Capacity not raised to apprehend

Or value what is best

In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?

Or was too much of self-love mix'd,

Of constancy no root infix'd,

- That either they love nothing, or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best

Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,

Soft, modest, meek, demure,

Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn

Intestine, far within defensive arms

A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue

Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms

Draws him awry enslaved

With dotage, and his sense depraved

To folly' and shameful deeds which ruin ends,

What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,

Embark'd with such a steersmate at the helm?

Favor'd of Heaven, who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines :
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth :
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour :
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.—
But had we best retire? I see a storm.

SAM. Fair days have oft contracted wind and
rain.

CHO. But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAM. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are
pass'd.

CHO. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words : a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward ; I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him
I less conjecture than when first I saw [hither
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAM. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHO. His fraught we soon shall know, he now
arrives.

Enter HARAPHA.

HAR. I come not, Samson ! to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly' intent. I am of Gath ;
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
 As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old
 That Kiriathaim held ; thou know'st me now,
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
 Incredible to me, in this displeased,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried
 Each other's force in camp or listed field ;
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

SAM. The way to know were not to see but taste.

HAR. Dost thou already single me ? I thought
 Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed
 To' have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw !
 I should have forced thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown :
 So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine,
 From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for valiant acts ; that honor,
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do

SAM. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done,
 What then thou wouldst : thou seest it in thy hand.

HAR. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAM. Such usage as your honorable lords

Afford me, assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
Till they had hired a woman with their gold
Breaking her marriage-faith to circumvent me.
Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give
thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-brace and greaves, and gauntlet, add thy
spear,

A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious
arms,

Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
Where strength can lest abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back
Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAM. I know no spells ; use no forbidden arts :
My trust is in the living God, who gave me
At my nativity this strength, diffused
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With the' utmost of his godhead seconded :
Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine,

HAR. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be ;
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses thy comrádes,
As good for nothing else ; no better service
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
For valor to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

SAM. All these indignities, for such they are,
From thine, these evils I deserve, and more ;
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye

Gracious to re-admit the suppliant :
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose god is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in
trusting

He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber!

SAM. Tongue-doughty Giant! how dost thou
prove me these?

HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confess'd it when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking;
To others did no violence nor spoil.

SAM. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast:
But your ill-meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who, threatening cruel death, constrain'd the bride
To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,
That solved the riddle which I had proposed.
When I perceived all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
I used hostility, and took their spoil,
To pay my underminers in their coin.

My nation was subjected to your lords :
It was the force of conquest ; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.

But I, a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.

I was no private, but a person raised [ven,
With strength sufficient, and command from Hea-
To free my country : if their servile minds
Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought,
The unworthier they : whence to this day they
serve.

I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force.
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty' enterprise of small enforce.

HAR. With thee ! a man condemn'd, a slave in-
Due by the law to capital punishment ! {roll'd,
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAM. Camest thou for this, vain boaster ! to
survey me,

To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict ?
Come nearer ! part not hence so slight inform'd ;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

HAR. O Baal-zebub ! can my ears unused
Hear these dishonors, and not render death ?

SAM. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy
Fear I incurable : bring up thy van, [hand
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAM. Go, baffled Coward! lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down
To the' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Ashtareth, ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries, in irons loaden on thee. [*Erit.*]

CHO. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-
fallen,

Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

SAM. I dread him not, nor all his giant brood;
Though Fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CHO. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAM. He must allege some cause, and offer'd
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise [*fight*]
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
And, that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labors,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHO. Oh! how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,

When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the' oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honor truth !
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigor arm'd ;
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless ; while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson ! with might endued
Above the sons of men ; but sight bereaved
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Laboring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way
Some other tending ; in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,

Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand ;
His message will be short and voluble.

Enter Officer.

OFF. Hebrews ! the prisoner Samson here I seek.

CHO. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OFF. Samson ! to thee our lords thus bid me
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast, [say ;
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games :
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honor this great feast, and great assembly.
Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd, and fresh clad,
To' appear, as fits, before the' illustrious lords.

SAM. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore
Our law forbids at their religious rites [tell them,
My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

OFF. This answer, be assured, will not content
them. [sort

SAM. Have they not sword-players, and every
Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,
And over-labor'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity ?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities ?
Return the way thou camest, I will not come.

OFF. Regard thyself: this will offend them highly.

SAM. Myself? my conscience, and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To show them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OFF. My message was imposed on me with
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution? [speed,

SAM. So take it with what speed thy message
needs.

OFF. I am sorry what this stoutness will pro-
duce. [Exit.

SAM. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow
indeed. [strain'd

CHO. Consider, Samson! matters now are
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break.

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

SAM. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift

Of strength, again returning with my hair

After my great transgression; so requite

Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin

By prostituting holy things to idols?

A Nazarite in place abominable

Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon!

Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,

What act more execrably' unclean, profane!

CHO. Yet with this strength thou servest the
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean. [Philistines,

SAM. Not in their idol-worship, but by labor

Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those, who have me in their civil power.

CHO. Where the heart joins not, outward acts
defile not. [tence holds.

SAM. Where outward force constrains, the sen-
But who constrains me to the temple' of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHO. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my

SAM. Be of good courage; I begin to feel [reach.
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHO. In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

OFF. Samson! this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dardest thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? Come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAM. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection ;
And for a life who will not change his purpose ?
(So mutable are all the ways of men ;)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

OFF. I praise thy resolution : doff these links :
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAM. Brethren, farewell ! your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends ; and how the sight
Of me, as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not : lords are lordliest in their wine ;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd ;
No less the people, on their holy-days,
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable :
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHO. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide [name
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his
Great among the heathen round ;
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field

Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire ; that Spirit, that first rushed on thee
In the' camp of Dan,
Be efficacious in thee now at need !
For never was from heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.—
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps ? much livelier than ere while
He seems ; supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news ?

Enter MANOAH.

MAN. Peace with you, brethren ! my inducement hither

Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords now parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock : I had no will,
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.
But that, which moved my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty. [take

CHO. That hope would much rejoice us to part
With thee ; say, reverend sire ! we thirst to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To' accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;
That part most revered Dagon and his priests :

Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both god and state
They easily would set to sale : a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough revenged ; having reduced
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity' to remit,
If some convenient ransom were proposed.
What noise or shout was that ? it tore the sky.

CHO. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before
them !

Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down : much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

CHO. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all :
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achieved,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd :
And I persuade me, God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrison'd round about him like a camp

Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service ;
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHO. Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon [vain
 Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate. [noise!—

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and—O what
 Mercy of Heaven ! what hideous noise was that ?
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHO. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd !
 Blood, death, and deathless deeds, are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point. [noise :

MAN. Of ruin' indeed methought I heard the
 Oh ! it continues, they have slain my son.

CHO. Thy son is rather slaying them : that outcry
 From slaughter of one foe could-not ascend.

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be ;
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see ?

CHO. Best keep together here, lest, running thi-
 We unawares run into danger's mouth. [ther,
 This evil on the Philistines is fallen ;
 From whom could else a general cry be heard :
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here ;
 From other hands we need not much to fear.
 What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
 Nothing is hard), by miracle restored,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ?

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be
 thought.

CHO. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old : what hinders now ?

MAN. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will ;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHO. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;
For evil news rides post, while good news bates.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

Enter Messenger.

MESS. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But Providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To' have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoah ! and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd. [thee

MAN. The accident was loud, and here before
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not ;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

MESS. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESS. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen.

MAN. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not
The desolation of a hostile city. [saddest

MESS. Feed on that first ; there may in grief be

MAN. Relate by whom. [surfeit.

MESS. By Samson.

MAN. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESS. Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon ;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MAN. Suspense in news is torture, speak them
out. [dead.

MESS. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is

MAN. The worst indeed ! O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence ! but death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceived
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost !
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he : death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell, thou say'st ; by whom fell he ?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's
wound ?

MESS. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how ?

MESS. By his own hands. [explain.

MAN. Self-violence ? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes ?

MESS. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy, and be destroy'd.
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself !
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know ; but while things yet

Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

MESS. Occasions drew me early to this city ;
And, as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street : little I had despatch'd,
When all abroad was rumor'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games :
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold :
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand ;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and
wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad : before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place ; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be essay'd,

To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars : he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He, unsuspecting, led him ; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved :
At last with head erect thus cried aloud ;
“ Hitherto, Lords ! what your commands imposed
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld.
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd :
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself ;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

CHO. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now lye'st victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd,
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
Than all thy life hath slain before. [sublime,

1 SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund and
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo, his bright sanctuary:
Among them he a Spirit of frenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer:
They, only set on sport and play,
Unweetingly impórtuned
Their own destruction to come speedy' upon them.
So fond are mortal men,
Fallen into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to' invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.


2 SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of sight,
Despised and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts

And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl ; but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So Virtue, given for lost,
Depress'd, and over-thrown, as seem'd
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods emboss'd,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd ;
And, though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird, ages of lives.

MAN. Come, come ! no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause : Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic : on his enemies
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds : to Israel
Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion :
To' himself and father's house eternal fame ;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favoring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies' blood ; and from the stream
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off

The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while
(Gaza is, not in plight to say us nay),
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy, and funeral train,
Home to his father's house : there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valor, and adventures high :
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,
Visit his tomb with flowers ; only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHO. All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent.
His servants be, with new acquist
Of true experience, from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.



C O M U S.

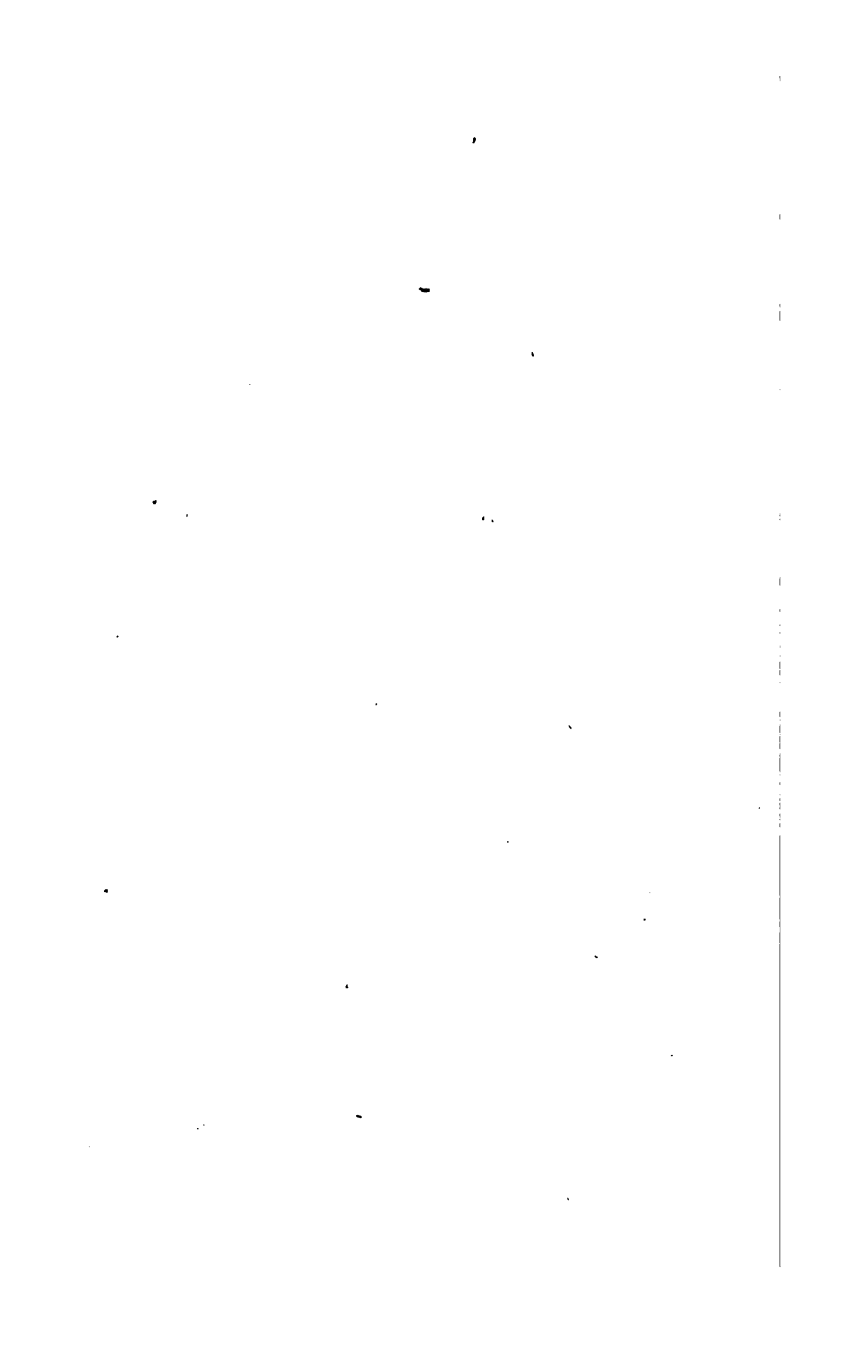
A flask.

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

JOHN EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLEY,

SON AND HEIR APPARENT TO THE EARL OF BRIGEWATER, &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honor from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honor of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favors been long obliged to your most honored parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression

Your faithful and most humble Servant,

H. LAWES.

THE PERSONS.

The Attendant Spirit, *afterwards in the habit of*
Thyrsis.

Comus, *with his Crew.*

The Lady.

First Brother.

Second Brother.

Sabrina, *the Nymph.*

THE CHIEF PERSONS, WHO PRESENTED, WERE

The Lord Brackley.

Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother.

The Lady Alice Egerton.

COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright ærial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted
Confined and pester'd in this pinfold here, [care
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of Eternity.
To such my errand is; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mold.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay

The unadorned bosom of the deep :
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities ;
And all this tract, that fronts the falling sun,
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms :
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-entrusted sceptre : but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovran Jove
I was despatch'd for their defence and guard :
And listen why ; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine !)
This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son

Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:
Who, ripe and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood;
And in thick shelter of black shades embower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, [taste
To quench the drought of Phœbus; which as they
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The' express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before;
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stye.
Therefore when any, favor'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy,
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid

Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps : I must be viewless now.

*Enter COMUS, with a charming-rod in one hand,
his glass in the other ; with him a rout of mon-
sters headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but
otherwise like men and women, their apparel
glistening ; they come in, making a riotous and
unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

COMUS.

The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold ;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream ;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Topsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head.
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire ;
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;

And on the tawny sands and shelves,
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come, let us our rites begin;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.—
 Hail, Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air;
 Stay thy cloudy ebony chair,
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,
 The nice morn' on the Indian steep,
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.—
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off! break off! I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright: some virgin sure

(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes: I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

Enter THE LADY.

LADY. This way the noise was, if mine ear be
true,
My best guide now. Methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds;
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,
Of such late wassailers: yet O! where else

Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket-side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thoughts : 'tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far ;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me : else, O thievish Night !
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller ?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear ;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And æery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome, pure-eyed Faith ! white-handed Hope,

Thou hovering Angel ! girt with golden wings :
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity !
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to' whom all things in
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.
Was I deceived ? or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And cast a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard furthest
I'll venture ; for my new-enliven'd spirits
Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph ! that livest unseen
 Within thy aery shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
 O ! if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of parley ! Daughter of the sphere !
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's har-
 monies.

Enter COMUS.

COMUS. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment !
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness till it smiled ! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs ;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention ;
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause :
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself ;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder !
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan ; by bless'd song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

LADY. Nay, gentle Shepherd ! ill is lost that
That is address'd to unattending ears. [praise,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,

Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS. What chance, good Lady! hath bereft
you thus?

LADY. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS. Could that divide you from near-usher-
ing guides?

LADY. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COMUS. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly
spring.

COMUS. And left your fair side all unguarded,
Lady? [return.

LADY. They were but twain, and purposed quick

COMUS. Perhaps forestalling night prevented
them.

LADY. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS. Imports their loss, beside the present
need?

LADY. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS. Were they of manly prime, or youthful
bloom?

LADY. Assmooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COMUS. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat.

I saw them under a green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.

Their port was more than human as they stood:

I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colors of the rainbow live,

And play in the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And, as I past, I worshipp'd : if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle Villager!

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COMUS. Due west it rises from this shrubby
point.

LADY. To find out that, good Shepherd! I sup-
In such a scant allowance of star-light, [pose,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

COMUS. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhoood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady! to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

LADY.

Shepherd! I take thy word,

And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
In courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended. In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—
Eye me, bless'd Providence! and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength!—Shepherd! lead on.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter THE TWO BROTHERS.

FIRST B. Unmuffle, ye faint stars ! and thou,
 • fair moon !

That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades :
 Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light ;
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

SEC. B. Or, if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister !
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles ?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears :
 What, if in wild amazement and affright ?
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

FIRST B. Peace, Brother ! be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils :

For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion !
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude ;
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day :
But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

SEC. B. 'Tis most true,
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house ;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence ?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree

Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not:
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister,

FIRST B. I do not, Brother!
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine: she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

SEC. B. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

FIRST B. I mean that too, but yet a hidden
strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my Brother! chastity:
She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;
And, like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;

Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard; but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid: gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Miverva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,

Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear ;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal : but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new made grave.
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

SEC. B. How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute ;
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

FIRST B. List ! list ! I hear
 Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

SEC. B. Methought so too ; what should it be ?

FIRST B. For certain
 Either some one, like us, night-founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman ; or, at worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

SEC. B. Heaven keep my sister ! Again, again,
 and near !

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

FIRST B. I'll halloo

If he be friendly, he comes well : if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

That halloo I should know. What are you? Speak!
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPI. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak
again?

SEC. B. O Brother! 'tis my father's shepherd,
sure. [oft delay'd

FIRST B. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale?
How camest thou here, good Swain? Hath any ram
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or stragling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPI. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy!
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth,
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin Lady! where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

FIRST B. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd! without
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. [blame,

SPI. Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

FIRST B. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee
briefly show.

SPI. I'll tell ye: 'tis not vain or fabulous
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance),
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,

Storied of old, in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be; but unbelief is blind.

Within the naval of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face. This have I learn'd
Tending my flocks hard by in the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecaté
In their obscured haunts of inward bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To' inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by when the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began;
Wrapp'd in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill; but, ere the close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,

And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance ;
At which I ceased, and listen'd them awhile,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death : but O ! ere long,
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear ;
And, O poor hapless nightingale ! thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day ;
Till, guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew), had met,
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey ;
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant : with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here :
But further know I not.

SEC. B. O night, and shades !
How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot

Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms :
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

FIRST B. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd !
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation ?

SPI. Care, and utmost shifts,
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to' the morning ray :
 He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing ;
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit and hearken e'en to ecstasy,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties :
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out :
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil ;
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon :
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly,
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave :
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bade me keep it as of sovran use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 Or ghastly furies' apparition.
 I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd :
 But now I find it true ; for by this means

I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off. If you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go), you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall :
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish'd blade rush on him ; break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;
 But seize his wand : though he and his cursed crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the son of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

FIRSTB. Thyrsis ! lead on apace : I'll follow thee ;
 And some good angel bear a shield before us !

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness : soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

COMUS.

Nay, Lady ! sit : if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LADY. Fool ! do not boast ;
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms ; although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

COMUS. Why are you vex'd, Lady ? Why do
 you frown ?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger : from these gates

Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures,
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season :
 And first, behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd :
 Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower,
 With that which you received on other terms ;
 Scorning the unexempt condition,
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tired all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted : but, fair Virgin !
 This will restore all soon.

LADY. 'Twill not, false Traitor !
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
 Thou toldst me of ? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly-headed monsters ? Mercy guard me !
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul De-
 ceiver !

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falsehood and base forgery ?
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here

With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none,
 But such as are good men, can give good things;
 And that, which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COMUS. O foolishness of men! that lend their
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur, [ears
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, [silk,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd
 To deck her sons; and, that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty', in her own loins [gems,
 She hatch'd the' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious
 To store her children with. If all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 The' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be un-
 praised,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own
 And strangled with her waste fertility; [weight,
 The' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with
 plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude their lords,

The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the' unsought
diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady! be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in the' enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence: coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts:
Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.

LADY. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.—
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance: she, good cateress,

That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ; [stream,
Whilom she was the daughter of Lochrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying' the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall ;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel ;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river : still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals :
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song ;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be-swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need : this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair !

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair :
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake !

Listen, and save !

Litsen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus :
By the' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell ;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands ;
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Syrens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise ! rise ! and heave thy rosy head,
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen, and save !



SABRINA rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays ;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread ;
Gentle swain ! at thy request,
I am here.

SPI. Goddess dear !
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distress'd,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest enchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd ! 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity.
Brightest Lady ! look on me !
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip :
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA *descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.*

SPI. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises' line !
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills :
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair ;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud.
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore :
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon !
Come, Lady ! while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste of needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground.
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence ;
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence ; and beside
All the swains, that there abide,

With jigs and rural dance resort :
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle ; then come in Country Dancers ; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the Two BROTHERS and the LADY.

SONG.

SPI. Back, Shepherds ! back : enough your play,
 Till next sun-shine holiday :
 Here be, without duck or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise,
 With the mincing Dryades,
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright !
 I have brought ye new delight ;
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own.
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth ;
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The Dances being ended, the SPIRIT epiloguises.

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purpled scarf can show ;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, Mortals ! if your ears be true),
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the' Assyrian queen :
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labors long,
Till free consent the gods among

Make her his eternal bride ;
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy : so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done :
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals ! that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free :
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

A R C A D E S.
PART OF
A MASK,
PRESENTED AT HAREFIELD,
BEFORE THE
COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DERBY.

I. SONG.

Look, Nymphs and Shepherds ! look !
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook :

 This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend ;
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that, her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise ;
 Less than half we find express'd,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark, what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads !
This, this is she alone,
 Sitting, like a goddess bright,
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the tower'd Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods ?
Juno dares not give her odds :
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd ?

*As they come forward, the GENIUS of the wood
appears, and turning toward them, speaks.*

GENIUS.

Stay, gentle Swains ! for, though in this disguise,
I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes :
Of famous Arcady ye are ; and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheüs, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas, to meet his Arethuse ;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs ! as great and good ;
I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honor and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine ;
And, with all helpful service, will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity ;
And lead ye, where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold ;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill :

And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mold, with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless highth of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds: yet, as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.
Follow me !
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds ! dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks :
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us.
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen,

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE ! that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still ;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly' Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O ! if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh :
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome honora
L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco ;
Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco,
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora ;
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti

Che mover passa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si trouva indegno;
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss'il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde

Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche all spalle tue soverchia soma ?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispond !
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore :
" Questa é lingua di cui si vanta Amore."

IV.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mai ridéa,
Gia caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo, che non sian lo mio sole,
Sì mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela

Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicitte amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Farò divoto ; io certo a prove tante
 L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadri, accorto, e buono ;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante ;
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse :
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF 23.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near ;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Hea-
All is, if I have grace to use it so, [ven ;
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
If deed of honor did thee ever please, [seize,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these ;
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tower
Went to the ground ; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY ! that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labor up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.

Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure!

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY¹.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent².
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam! methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

¹ The daughter of Sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law, till he came to be made Earl of Marlborough, and Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. He died in an advanced age; and Milton attributes his death to *the breaking of the Parliament*: and it is true that the Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 1628-9, and he died on the 14th of the same month.

² Isocrates, the orator. The victory was gained by Philip of Macedon over the Athenians.

XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*³,
And woven close, both matter, form and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the Town awhile,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp⁴?

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow
sleek, [gasp.

That would have made Quintilian stare and
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek⁵,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Ed-
ward, Greek.

³ This was one of Milton's books, published in consequence of his separation from his first wife. *Tetrachordon* signifies expositions on the four chief places in Scripture which mention marriage or nullities in marriage.

⁴ Milton is here collecting, from his hatred to the Scots, what he thinks Scottish names of an ill sound. *Colkitto* and *Macdonnel*, are one and the same person; a brave officer on the royal side, an Irishman of the Antrim family, who served under Montrose. The *Macdonalds* of that family are styled, by way of distinction, *Mac Colcittok*, i. e. descendants of lame Colin. *Galasp*, or *George Gillespie*, was a Scottish writer against the Independents, and one of the members of the Assembly of Divines.

⁵ The first professor of the Greek tongue in the university of Cambridge, and afterwards made one of the tutors to Edward VI.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs :
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs ;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty ;
For who loves this, must first be wise and good ;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES ON THE PUBLISHING OF HIS AIRS.

HARRY ! whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears committing short and long ;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan ;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air could'st humour best our
tongue.

Thou honor'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honor thee the prince of Phœbus' quire,
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE
 THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

Deceased, Dec. 16, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee
 never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple
 beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so dress'd,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX! whose name in arms through Europe
 rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings;
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 (For what can war but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth Valor bleed,
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men! who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
 plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pur-
 sued, [imbrued,
 While Darwent's stream, with blood of Scots
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains

To 'conquer still ; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War : New foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE ! young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold ;
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd ;
Then to advise how War may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage : besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, whateach means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few
have done :
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

AVENGE, O Lord! thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and
stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest :
They also serve who only stand and wait."

XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE ! of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining ? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC ! whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench ;

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that, after, no repenting draws :
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day ;
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, 'refrains.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIAC! this three years' day these eyes, though
clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
The conscience, Friend ! to' have lost them
overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's
vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE⁶.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestes, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.

Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the' old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :

Her face was veil'd ; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.

But, O ! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked ; she fled ; and day brought back my
night.

⁶ This Sonnet was written about the year 1656, on the death of his second wife, Catharine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney, a rigid sectarist. She died in child-bed of a daughter, within a year after their marriage. Milton had now been for some time totally blind.

ODES.

ON THE

MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse! shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet :
O! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapp'd in the rude manger lies :
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war, nor battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean ;
Who now hath quite forgot to rave, [wave.
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new-enlighten'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear [bear.
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree, could

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loath to lose, [close.
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, [ray'd ;
That with long beams the shamefaced night ar-
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire, [Heir.
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born

Such music (as 'tis said)

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator great

His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;

And cast the dark foundations deep, [keep.

And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so ;

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time ;

And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow ;

And, with your ninefold harmony,

Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;

And speckled Vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold ;

And Hell itself will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then

Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,

Mercy will sit between,

Throned in celestial sheen, [ing ;

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steer-

And Heaven, as at some festival,

Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,

The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;

So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep, [the deep ;
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang, [brake :

While the red fire and smouldering clouds out
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When, at the world's last session. [throne.
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent :
With flower-inwoven tresses torn [mourn.
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, [plaint :

The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat, [seat.
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted

Peor and Baälim

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;
And mooned Ashtaroath,
Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn ; [mourn.
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue :
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green, [loud:
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest;
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud:
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the Gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true, [crew.
 Can in the swaddling bands controll the damned

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the' infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
 And the yellow-skirted Fayes [maze.
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved

But see, the Virgin bless'd
 Hath laid her babe to rest;
 Time is, our tedious song should here have ending.
 Heaven's youngest teemed star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car, [ing:
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend-
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

THE PASSION.

EREWILE of music, and etherial mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,
My Muse with angels did divide to sing ;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintery solstice like the shorten'd light,
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to' notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than
Which he for us did freely undergo : [so,

Most perfect hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

He, sovran priest, stooping his regal head,
That dropp'd with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies :
O, what a mask was there, what a disguise !

Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lays him meekly down fast by his brethren's
side.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse :
To this horizon is my Phæbus bound :
His god-like acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, other where are found ;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound :
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night! best patroness of grief;
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That heaven and earth are color'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wan-
nish white.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood.

There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before:

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild;
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think the' infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had,
when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was be-
gun, left it unfinished.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright!
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow;
He, who with all Heaven's heraldry while
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease:
Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize!

- O more exceeding love, or law more just!
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied;
And the full wrath beside,
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day; but O! ere long,
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

ON THE
DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,
DYING OF A COUGH.

O FAIREST flower! no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
By boisterous rape the' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infâmous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach
was held.

So, mounting up on icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far:
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care:
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair.

But, all unwares, with his cold-kind embrace
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,

Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land ;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower :
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power !

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb ;
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom ?
Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely bless'd !
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear ;)
Tell me, bright Spirit ! where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the' Elysian fields, (if such there were ;)
Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy
flight ?

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall ;
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny heaven, and thou, some goddess, fled,
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

Or wert thou that just maid, who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And camest again to visit us once more ?
Or wert thou, Mercy, that sweet-smiling youth ?
Or that crown'd matron sage, white-robed Truth ?

Or any other of that heavenly brood [good?
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed;
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire?

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where
thou art.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild:
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent.
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That, till the world's last end, shall make thy name
to live.

ON TIME¹.

FLY, envious Time ! till thou run out thy race ;
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross :
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain !
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss ;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb ;
Then ; all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time !

¹ In Milton's manuscript, written with his own hand, the title is, ' On Time. TO BE SET ON A CLOCK-CASE.'

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLESS'D pair of Syrens! pledges of Heaven's joy!
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse!
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

AN EPITAPH

ON THE

MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honor'd wife of Winchester,
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told ; alas ! too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death.
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and Fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The God that sits at marriage feast ;
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame ;
 And in his garland, as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cypress bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls Lucina to her throes ;

But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came ;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
The hapless babe, before his birth,
Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower :
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed ;
And those pearls of dew, she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.

Gentle Lady ! may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have.
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore ;
That, to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon ;
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;

Whilst thou, bright Saint! high sit'st in glory,

Next her, much like to thee in story,

That fair Syrian shepherdess,

~~Years of barrenness,~~

~~and bore~~



*Published Jan^r 1786, by John Sharpe.
Purchased.*



*Published Janr 1st 1805, by John Sharpe.
Providence.*



MISCELLANIES.

ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

At a VACATION EXERCISE in the COLLEGE, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.

HAIL, native Language! that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And madest imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before!
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which take our late fantastics with delight;

But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
And, weary of their place, do only stay,
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears :
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To' the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire :
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;
And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
Are held, with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse ! how thou dost stray ?
Expectance calls thee now another way ;



Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then ENS is represented as Father of the PREDICAMENTS
 his two Sons, whereof the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE with
 his Canons; which ENS, thus speaking, explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son ! for, at thy birth,
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth ;
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible :
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear ;
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage,
 And, in Time's long and dark prospective glass,
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass ;
 " Your son," said she, (" nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an Accident.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
 Yet every one shall make him underling ;
 And those, that cannot live from him asunder,
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under ;
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them ;
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;

Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar;
 Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?"

*The next QUANTITY and QUALITY spake in Prose; then
 RELATION was called by his Name.*

RIVERS, arise; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun,
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirty arms along the indented meads;
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath;
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death;
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee;
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.

[The rest was prose.]

AN EPITAPH

ON

THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET

W. SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honor'd bones,
 The labor of an age in piled stones?
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

Dear Son of memory ! great Heir of fame !
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst, to' the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
And, so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

ON THE

UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

WHO SICKENED IN THE TIME OF HIS VACANCY ; BEING FOR-
BID TO GO TO LONDON, BY REASON OF THE PLAGUE.

HERE lies old Hobson ; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had, any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*,
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain

Show'd him his room where he must lodge that
night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light :
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
" Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move ;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath :
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd ;
" Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
" If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
Ease was his chief disease ; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,

That even to his last breath (there be that say't),
As he were press'd to death, he cried, " More
weight ;"

But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.

Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *increase* :
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

ON

THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE

UNDER THE

LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd ;
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S.¹ and Rotherford² ?

¹ Adam Steuart, a divine of the church of Scotland, and the author of several polemical tracts : some portions of which commence with A. S. only prefixed.

² Samuel Rotherford, or Rutherford, one of the chief commissioners of the church of Scotland, and professor of divinity in the church of St. Andrew. He published a great variety of Calvinistic tracts.

Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards³ and Scotch what d'ye call⁴:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of
Trent;

That so the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
"New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large."

³ Thomas Edwards, minister, a pamphleteering opponent of Milton; whose plan of independency he assailed with shallow invectives.

⁴ Perhaps Henderson, or Galaspie, Scotch divines: the former of whom appears as "a loving friend," in Rutherford's *Joshua Redivivus*; and the latter was one of the ecclesiastical commissioners at Westminster.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odors,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they, [vow'd
To whom thou' untried seem'st fair! Me, in my
Picture, the sacred wall declares to' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.

FROM GEOFFERY OF MONMOUTH.

BRUTUS *thus addresses* DIANA *in the Country of* LEOGECIA.

GODDESS of shades, and huntress! who at will
Walk'st on the rowling spheres, and through the
deep;

On thy third reign, the earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest, thou bidds't me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

*To whom, sleeping before the altar, DIANA answers in a vision
the same night.*

BRUTUS ! far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old ;
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend
Thy course ; there shalt thou find a lasting seat :
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

FROM DANTE.

AH, Constantine ! of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy pope received of thee.

FROM DANTE.

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent Whore ! where hast thou placed thy hope ?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth ?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

FROM ARIOSTO.

THEN pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously :
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

FROM HORACE.

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion win the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
See his foul inside through his whited skin.

FROM EURIPIDES.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to' advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise:
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace:
What can be juster in a state than this?

FROM HORACE.

——— Laughing, to teach the truth,
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

FROM HORACE.

——— Joking decides great things,
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

FROM SOPHOCLES.

'TIS you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

FROM SENECA.

——— There can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,
Than an unjust and wicked king.

PSALM I. Done into Verse, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzetti.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the' earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords. He, who in heaven doth
dwell, [severe,
Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them; then,
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)

On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare : The Lord to me hath said,
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made ;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
The Heathen ; and, as thy conquest to be sway'd,
Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full
low
With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,
Be taught, ye Judges of the earth ; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling ; kiss the Son lest he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay !

PSALM III. Aug. 9, 1653.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

LORD, how many are my foes !
How many those,
That in arms against me rise !
Many are they,
That of my life distrustfully thus say ;
No help for him in God there lies.

But thou, Lord ! art my shield, my glory,
Thee, through my story,
The' exalter of my head I count :
Aloud I cried
Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,
And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and slept ; I waked again ;
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
I fear not, though, encamping round about,
They pitch against me their pavilions.

Rise, Lord ! save me, my God ! for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the
Thy blessing on thy people flows. [Lord ;

PSALM IV. Aug. 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
God of my righteousness !
In straits, and in distress,
Thou didst me disenthral
And set at large ; now spare,
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn ?
How long be thus forborne
Still to love vanity ?
To love, to seek, to prize,
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart ;
(For whom to choose he knows)
Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.

Be awed, and do not sin ;
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say,
 Who yet will show us good ?
 Talking like this world's brood.
 But, Lord ! thus let me pray ;
 On us lift up the light,
 Lift up the favor of thy countenance bright.
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep ;
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie ;
 As in a rocky cell
 Thou, Lord, alone, in safety makest me dwell.

PSALM V. Aug. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH ! to my words give ear :
 My meditation weigh.
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God ! for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah ! thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear ;
 I' the morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight;
Evil with thee no biding makes;
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hatest; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will, in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I, in thy fear,
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord! lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress:
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltering mouth unstable,
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they
God! find them guilty, let them fall [smooth.
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all, who trust in thee, shall bring
Their joy; while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah! wilt be found
To bless the just man still;
As with a shield, thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favor and good will.

PSALM VI. Aug. 13, 1653.

LORD ! in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;
Pity me, Lord ! for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint ; ' heal and amend me :
For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore ;
 And thou, O Lord ! how long ? Turn, Lord ! restore
My soul ; O ! save me for thy goodness' sake :
For in death no remembrance is of thee ;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ?
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days ;
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;
My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart ! all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me ! for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard ; the Lord hath heard my
 prayer ;
 My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dash'd
 With much confusion ; then, grown red with
 shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSALM VII. Aug. 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CUSH, THE BENJAMITE,
AGAINST HIM.

LORD, my God! to thee I fly;
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection, while I cry:
Lest as a lion (and no wonder),
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God! if I have thought
Or done this; if wickedness
Be in my hands; if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace;
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let the' enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it: let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust; and there, out-spread,
Lodge it with dishonor foul.

Rise, Jehovah! in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So the' assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right ;
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord ! be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me : cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou' art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies ;
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended :
If the' unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold,
He travels big with vanity :
Trouble he hath conceived of old,
As in a womb ; and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
And fell into the pit he made ;
His mischief, that due course doth keep
Turns on his head ; and his ill trade
Of violence will, undelay'd,
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord ! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth !
So as above the heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
To stint the enemy, and slack the' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy Providence to' oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,
The moon, and stars, which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament ; then saith my heart,
O, what is man that thou remember'st yet,

And think'st upon him ; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found !
Scarce to be less than gods, thou madest his lot,
With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet;
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre; wherein all, but what is
in a different character, are the very words of the text,
translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd, that dost Israel *keep!*
Give ear *in time of need;*
Who ledest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed;

That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright,*
Between their wings out-spread;
Shine forth *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God! vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

- 4 Lord God of Hosts! how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*
Against thy people's prayer!
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears;
Their bread with tears they eat;
And makest them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou makest us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe;
Among themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts! *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drovest out nations, *proud and haught,*
To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last.
- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd all,
The hills were *over-spread;*
Her boughs as *high* as cedars tall
Advanced their lofty head.

- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Upturns it by the roots;
Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts! look down
From heaven, thy seat divine;
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*;
And the young branch that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut *with axes* down:
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.

- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
 To ways of sin and shame ;
 Quicken us thou ; then *gladly* we
 Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 Lord God of Hosts ! *vouchsafe ;*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
 Sing loud to God *our King ;*
 To Jacob's God *that all may hear,*
 Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
 The timbrel hither bring ;
 The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
 And harp *with pleasant string.*
- 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon
 With trumpet's *lofty sound,*
 The appointed time, the day whereon
 Our solemn feast *comes round.*
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*
 For Israel *to observe ;*
 A law of Jacob's God *to hold,*
 From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a testimony' ordain'd
 In Joseph, *not to change,*
 When as he pass'd through Egypt land ;
 The tongue I heard was strange.

- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,
I set his shoulder free :
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
Deliver'd were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call ;
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
- I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompass'd round ;
I tried thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear, O my People ! *hearken well* ;
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israël,
If thou wilt list to me :
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien-god shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honor bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt land ;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice ;
And Israël, *whom I loved so dear*,
Misliked me for his choice.

- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind ;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O, that my people would *be wise*,
To serve me *all their days* !
And O, that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous* ways !
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so *proudly rise* ;
And turn my hand against *all those*,
That are their enemies.
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend ;
But *they, his people, should remain*,
Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat*.

PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 GOD in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states ;
Among the gods, on both his hands,
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favoring the wicked *by your might*
Who thence grow bold and strong ?

- 3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
Despatch the poor man's cause ;
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that *help demands*.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand ;
In darkness they walk on :
The earth's foundations all are moved,
And out of order gone.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God Most High :
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
- 8 Rise, God ! judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth redress ;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,
O God ! hold not thy peace :
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength* !
We cry, and do not cease.
- 2 For lo ! thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
And storm outrageously ;
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
Exalt their heads full high.

- 3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep ;
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come! let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be ;
That Israël's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult with all their might,
And all, as one in mind,
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmaël :
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell :
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec ;
The Philistines, and they of Tyre
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them *great* Asher also bands,
And doth confirm the knot :
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast ;
To Sisera ; and, as *is told,*
Thou didst to Jabin's host :

- When at the brook of Kishon old,
They were repulsed and slain ;*
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed ;
As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
So let their princes bleed.
- 12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and *will now invade*
Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God ! oh ! make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find :
Giddy and *restless* let them reel ;
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays ;
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze :
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 And till they yield thee honor due,
Lord ! fill with shame their face.
- 17 Ashamed, and troubled, let them be,
Troubled, and shamed for ever ;
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and 'scape it never.

- 18 Then shall they know, that Thou, whose Name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the Most High, *and thou the same*
O'er all the earth art *One*.

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair !
O Lord of Hosts ! how dear
The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near !
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord ! to see ;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God ! for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong*,
Hath found a house of *rest* :
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* nest ;

Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts !
They find their safe abode ;
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King ! my God !
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise !
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways !
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground ;
As through a fruitful watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
 With joy and gladsome cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts ! hear *now* my prayer,
 O Jacob's God give ear ;
- 9 Thou God, our shield ! look on the face
 Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
 Is better, *and more bless'd,*
 Than in the joys of vanity
 A thousand days *at best*.
- I, in the temple of my God,
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
 With sin *for evermore*.
- 11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
 Gives grace and glory *bright ;*
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hosts, *that reign'st on high !*
 That man is *truly* bless'd,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favor graciously
 Thou has not, Lord ! been slack ;
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back.

- 2 The' iniquity thou didst forgive
 That wrought thy people woe ;
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid where none shall know.
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed
 And calmly didst return
From thy fierce wrath which we had proved
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace !
 Turn us, and us restore :
Thine indignation cause to cease
 Towards us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus ?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us ?
- 6 Wilt thou not turn and *hear our voice,*
 And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
 By thee preserved alive ?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord !
 To us thy mercy show :
Thy saving health to us afford,
 And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now,* what God the Lord will speak,
 I will *go straight* and hear :
For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints *full dear.*

- To his dear saints he will speak peace ;
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely, to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand ;
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were miss'd,*
Now *joyfully* are met ;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,*
Shall bud and blossom *then ;*
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good :
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger :
Then will he come, and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 *THY gracious* ear, O Lord ! incline,
O hear me, *I thee pray ;*
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay.*

- 2 Preserve my soul ; for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just.
Save thou thy servant, O my God !
Who still in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord ! for daily thee
I call ; 4 O ! make rejoice
Thy servant's soul ; for, Lord ! to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good, thou, Lord ! art prone
To pardon : thou to all
Art full of mercy ; thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord !
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I, in the day of my distress,
Will call on thee *for aid* ;
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,
And answer what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord ! nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord !
And glorify thy name.

- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done.
Thou, *in thy everlasting seat,*
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord! thy way *most right* ;
I in thy truth will bide ;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God !
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul ;
Even from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God ! the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord ! art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to show ;
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O ! turn to me *thy face at length,*
And me have mercy on :
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son.

- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see,
And be ashamed; because thou, Lord!
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 **AMONG** the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast;
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God! most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke:
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
- I mention Babel to my friends;
Philistia *full of scorn*;
And Tyre with Ethiops' *utmost ends,*
Lo this man there was born:
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last*;
This and this man was born in her;
High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.

- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
 With sacred songs are there ;
In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance,*
 And all my fountains clear.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD God ! that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry ;
And all night long before thee *weep,*
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer
 With sighs devout ascend ;
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favor bend.
- 3 For, cloy'd with woes and trouble sore,
 Surcharged my soul doth lie ;
My life, at *Death's uncheerful door,*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit :*
I am a man, but weak, alas !
 And for that name unfit:
- 5 From life discharged and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep ;*
And like the slain in *bloody fight,*
 That in the grave lie *deep.*
- Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
Them, from thy hand deliver'd o'er,
 Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn* ;
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me ;
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And makest me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead ;
Lord ! all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?
Shall the deceased arise,
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes ?
- 11 Shall thy loving-kindness tell,
On whom the grave *hath hold* ?
Or they, who in perdition *dwell*,
Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wonderous acts be known ?
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion ?

- 13 But I to thee, O Lord ! do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent ;
 And up to thee my prayer doth hie,
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord ! my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me,
- 15 That am already bruised, and shake
 With terror sent from thee ?
- Bruised, and afflicted, and *so low*
 As ready to expire ;
 While I thy terrors undergo,
 Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;
 Thy threatenings cut me through :
- 17 All day they round about me go ;
 Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
 And sever'd from me far :
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,
 And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author
 at fifteen years old.*

WHEN the bless'd seed of Terah's faithful son,
 After long toil, their liberty had won ;
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand ;
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown ;
 His praise and glory were in Israel known.

That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the foil.
The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams
Amongst their ewes; the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
Shake, Earth! and at the presence be aghast
Of Him that ever was, and aye shall last;
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush!

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God.
For his, &c.
O, let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his, &c.
Who, with his miracles, doth make
Amazed heaven and earth to shake.
For his, &c.
Who, by his wisdom, did create
The painted heavens so full of state.
For his, &c.
Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain.
For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.

For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run.

For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.

For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israël.

For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.

For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.

For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.

For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorëan coast.

For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew :

For his, &c.

And, to his servant Israël,
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery :

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM
CONSCRIPSIT.

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Auctore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potiùs virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia, nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cùm alii præsertim ut id faceret magnoperè suaderent. Dum enim nimix laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, *Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus, ad JOANNEM MILTONIUM Anglum.*

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus, ipse fores.

*Ad JOANNEM MILTONEM Anglum, triplici poe-
seos laureâ coronandum, Græcâ nimirum, La-
tinâ, atque Hetruscâ, Epigramma JOANNIS
SALSILLI Romani.*

CEDE, Meles; cedat depressa Mincius urnâ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui.
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad JOANNEM MILTONUM.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
Selvaggi.

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI NOBILE INGLESE.

ODE.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace,
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirà la morte.

Del ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia resiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede :
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto ;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni ;
Che s' opre degne di poema e storia
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

*Del sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI, gentilhuomo.
Fiorentino.*

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI :

Juveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio ;

VIRO, qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca, perspexit ; ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda ; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt ; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis ; in intellectu sapientia ; in voluntate ardor gloriæ ; in ore eloquentia ; harmonicos cœlestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomiâ duce, audienti ; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistrâ philosophiâ, legenti ; antiquitatum late-

bras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis, ambages comite assiduâ autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS DATUS *Patricius Florentinus*,

Tanto homini servus tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEG. I. AD CAROLUM DEODATUM¹.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;
Pertulit, occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ob orâ
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostrî, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles :
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !

¹ Charles Deodati, one of Milton's most intimate friends, was an excellent scholar, and practised physic in Cheshire. He was educated with our author at Saint Paul's School in London ; and from thence went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he was entered in the year 1621, at thirteen years of age. He was a fellow-collegian there with Alexander Gill, another of Milton's intimate friends, who became successively Usher and Master of Saint Paul's School. He died in 1638.

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O ! utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores :
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat :
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectâsse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrimis dulcis amaror inest :
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit ;
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper, nec in urbe, latemus ;
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hîc, blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,
Virgineos videas præterisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !
Ali quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces, quotquot, volvit uterque polus !
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via !
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor !
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !
Cedite, laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite, Achæmenizæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon ;
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ !
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus !
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis ;
Extera, sat tibi sit, fœmina ! posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum ! structa colonis,
Turriterum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulûs orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi, conspicuæ formæque auroque, puellæ
Per medias radiant, turba videnda, vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus ;

Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoëntis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare pròcul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEG. II. ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis².

Te, qui, conspicuus baculo fulgente, solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem;
 Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licèt fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;
 O! dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies;
 Dignus, quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo;
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
 Alipes, ætheriâ missus ab arce Patris:

² The person here commemorated is Richard Ridding, one of the University Beadles, and a Master of Arts of Saint John's College, Cambridge.

Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Retulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ;
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia! luge,
 Et madeant lachrimis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeia tristes,
 Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEG. III. ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis³.

MŒSTUS eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sede-
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo: [bam;
 Protinus en! subiit funestæ cladis imago,
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore
 Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face; [turres,
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et iâspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
 Et memini heroum, quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te precipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul!
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ!

³ Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, had been originally Master of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge; but long before Milton's time. He died at Winchester-House in Southwark, Sept. 21, 1626.

Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar :
" Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi !
Nonne satis quod silva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros ?
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa ?
Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis.
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia silvis ;
Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cùm sit concessa potestas,
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugasse suâ ?"
Talia dum lacrimans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis ;
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter :
Nec mora : membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos :
Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro ;
Heu ! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cùm juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.

Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce ! mihi subitò Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;
Vestis ad auratos deflûxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos ;
“ Nate ! veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni !
Semper abhinc duro, Nate ! labore vaca.”
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos :
Talìa contingant somnia sæpe mihi !

ELEG. IV. ANNO ÆTATIS XVIII.

*Ad THOMAM JUNIUM præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem*⁴.

CURRE per immensum subitò, mea litera, pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros.
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipsè ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo deos;
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis;
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri:
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.

Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum:
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves.
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.

Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior illè mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Graiùm,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat:

⁴ Thomas Young, pastor of the church of English merchants at Hamburg, was Milton's private preceptor, before he was sent to Saint Paul's School.

Quamque Stagyrtes generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreius heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios, illo præeunte, recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi;
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo;
Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum;
Quàm sit opus monitis, res docet ipsa, vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo:
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei;
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco litore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?

Arguitur tardus meritò noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti :
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquerè preces :
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus ;
Placat et iratos hostia parva deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor ;
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !
In tibi finitimis bella timere locis ;
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat ;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;
Perpetuoque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit io ! terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror ;
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere Penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
Spumæa quæ pulsat litoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum ?
Et sinis, ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,

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Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?
Digna quidem, Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternæque animæ digna perire fame !
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede ;
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira ! manus :
Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix :
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos ; nec spes cadat anxia curis ;
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem ;
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus ;
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi :
Ille, Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris ;
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum ;
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala :
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis ;
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEG. V. ANNO ÆTATIS XX.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolvable gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam;
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Peneïde lauro
Implicitos crines; Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror, penetralia va-
Et mihi fana patent interiora deûm; [tum,
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo;
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu silvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io! rediere vices: celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol, Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctôas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ;
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius, plaustrum cœleste, Boötes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ.
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit;
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,
“Hac,” ait, “hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
Phœbe! tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit silvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas;
Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.”
“Desere,” Phœbus ait, “thalamos, Aurora! se-
Quid juvat effæcto procubuisse toro? [niles;
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ;
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.”
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.
Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam;
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est: quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus;
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis?
Ecce! coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;

Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
Tænariq̃ placuit diva Sicana deo.
Aspice, Phœbe ! tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces :
Cinnamēa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alā ;
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros ;
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos :
Quòd, si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coëmptus amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah ! quoties, cùm tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, [diurno
“ Cur te,” inquit, “ cursu languentem, Phœbe !
Hesperii recipit cærule Mater aquis ?
Quid tibi cum Tethy ? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ ?
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo ?
Frigora, Phœbe ! meâ meliùs captabis in umbrâ ;
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ ;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces, circum mulcebit lene susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleïa fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo,
Cùm tu, Phœbe ! tuo sapientius uteris igni.
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.”
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores :
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt :

Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido ;
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis ;
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo ;
Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam ;
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam ;
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari. [bes,
Marmoreas juvenes clamant "Hymenæe!" per ur-
 Litus, "Io Hymen!" et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque, frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. [unum,
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
 Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu ;
 Delphinâsque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo ;
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm sera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro ;
Silvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque deus, semideusque caper :
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres :
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes :
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta videri ;
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.

Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere silvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet:
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto!
Nec vos arboreâ, Dii! precor, ite domo.
Te referant miseris te, Jupiter! aurea terris
Sæcla; quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe! jugales,
Quâ potes, et sensim tempora veris eant:
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes;
Ingruat et nostro senior umbra polo.

ELEG. VI.

*Ad CAROLUM DEODATUM ruri commorantem,
Qui, cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina
excusari postulâsset si solito minus essent bona,
quod inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis ex-
ceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se
posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.*

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu, distento, fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque;
Crede mihi, vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis;
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm benè solennes epulas, hilaremque Decem-
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere deum, [brem,
Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica mûsta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec paduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus, "Eucæ!"
Mista Thyonæo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Elæo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrismoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho,
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda: favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine composito, tres peperisse deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat, arguta molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
Perque puellares oculos, digitamque sonantem,
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalja sinus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos :
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ Matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpiùs et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces ;
Et nunc sancta canit superùm consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos :
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympa catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus,
Qualis, veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis,
Surgis ad infensos, Augur ! iture deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris.
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum ;
Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis ;
Perque tuas, Rex ime ! domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divùmque sacerdos ;
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.
At tu, siquid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam.)
Paciferum canimus coelesti semine regem,
Faustaue sacratis sæcula pacta libris ;

Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto,
Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna colit ;
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere tur-
Et subito elisos ad sua fana deos. [mas,
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

ELEG. VII. ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

NONDUM, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia! nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor!
"Tu, Puer, imbelles," dixi, "transfige columbas!
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve! triumphos;
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros."
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim deus ullus adiras
Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie! diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;

Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
“ Et miser, exemplo sapiisses tutius,” inquit,
“ Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;
Et, quoties meminit Peneïdos, ipse fatetur
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis auctor erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion;
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licèt sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte! tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.”
Dixit; et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias:
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat;
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet

Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus ;
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor ;
Lumina luminibus malè providus obviam misi ;
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam ;
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri ;
Sic regina deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido ;
, Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pendit onus :
Nec mora ; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori ;
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis :
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inermis ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores ;
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea, misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis, non reditura, meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet : sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos :
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus ? amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O ! utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui !
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
Fortè nec ad nostras surgeat illa preces !

Crede mihi, nullus sic infelicitè arsit :
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce, precor, teneri cùm sis deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O ! certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis, nec minùs igne, potens :
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solut et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores ;
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans :
Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,
 Nequitæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit :
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.



EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

I.

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe! nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria coeli,
Sulphureo curru, flammivolisque rotis:
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

II.

IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentasti cœlo donâsse Iacobum,
Quæ septemgemino, Bellua! monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos;
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

III.

IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
“Et nec inultus,” ait, “temnes mea sacra, Britanne!
Supplicium, spretâ religione, dabis.
Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi pèr flammâs triste patebit iter.”
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni,
Ibat ad ætherias, umbra perusta, plagas.

IV.

IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnarat, Tænarioque sinu;
Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque deos.

V.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheriam solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen, surripuisse Jovi.

VI.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM ¹.

ANGELUS unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,
 Obtigit ætheriis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora! tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens:
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque
 fusus,
 In te unà loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

VII.

AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
 Ah! miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
 Et te Pierià sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ filia movere lyræ!
 Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

¹ Adriana of Mantua, for her beauty surnamed *the Fair*, and her daughter Leonora Baroni, the lady whom Milton celebrates in these three Latin Epigrams, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world.

VIII.

AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli! jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados;
Litoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ,
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidê[m] vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos.

IX.

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.

QUIS expeditiv Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quòd si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Ipse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

X.

IN SALMASIUM.

GAUDETE scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigida hyeme incolitis argentes freta!
Vestrûm misertus ille Salmasius, Eques
Bonus, amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii:
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

XI.

IN MORUM.

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis benè moratam, morigeramque, neget ?

XII.

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sàpidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino :
Hinc, incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenûs illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinûs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus ;
Atque ait, " Heu quanto satius fuit illa coloni,
Parva licèt, grato dona tulisse animo !
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem :
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus, et ipse parens."

XIII.

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROM-
WELLI.

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli !
Cernis, quas merui durâ sub casside, rugas,
Utque senex, armis impiger, ora tero :
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra :
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

SILVARUM LIBER.

PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑΗΛ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβω
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μένον ἐην ὅσιον γένος ὕιες Ἰῶδα·
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπαδὴν φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ, ὃδ' ἀρ' ἐτυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγδῶντες ἐϋτραφεῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιοτέραί δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Ὅϊα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐτυφελίχθης
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
Τίπτ', ὄρεα, σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγῶντες ἐϋτραφεῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιοτέραί τι δ' ἀρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ', ἐρίπναι,
Ὅϊα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο, γαῖα, τρέεσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,
Γαῖα, Θεὸν τρέιψ' ὑπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνηντ' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui cum ignotum et insontem inter reos fortè captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, hæc subitò misit.

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, ὑδὲ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηιδίως ἀφέλαο, τὸ δ' ὕπερον αἰθερὶ νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρη,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον αἶλαρ ὀλέσσας.

IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφνὲς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν ἐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
Γελαῖτε φάνηθ' δυσμίμημα ζωγράφε.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARI, MEDICI¹.

Anno Ætatis xvii.

PARERE Fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iæpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu ! moræ

¹ This Ode is on the death of Doctor John Goslyn, master of Caius College, and king's professor of medicine at Cambridge ; who died while a second time vice-chancellor of that university, in October, 1626.

Tentantur incassum, dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
Nessi venenatus cruore,
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ:
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrimante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatiæ
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ:
Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine;
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes; nec sine gloria;
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua,
Irata, cum te viderit artibus,
Succoque pollenti, tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende Præses! membra, precor, tua
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina ;
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS. ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna
Albionum, tenuit ; jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :
Pacificusque novo, felix divesque sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis :
Cùm ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, ætherio vagus exul Olympo,
Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros :
Hïc tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;
Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace :
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus ;
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat ; ceu Caspia tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris :
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,

Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles ;
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc, opibusque et festâ pace beatam,
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur ;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jovè clausus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Typhœus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
“ Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrimabile mundo
Inveni,” dixit ; “ gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impunè diu, non ibit inulta.”
Hactenus ; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis :
Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines : à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris ! Thetidi videt oscula dantem ;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur : præeunt submisso poplite reges,

Et mendicantū series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes:
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,
(Vespereratsaceriste Petro) fremitusque canentū
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos et inane locorum.
Qualitèr exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavā responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexūs Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipientesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque fero-
cem,

Atque Acherontæo progeneratam patre Siopen
Torpida, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,
Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes:
At vix compositos somnus clauderat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentū
Prædatorque hominum, falsā sub imagine tectus
Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vastā Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Silvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.
Subdolos at tali Serpens velatus amictu

Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces ; [tus,
"Dormis, Nate? etiamne tuos sopor opprimit ar-
Immemor ! O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque
triplex,

Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe ;
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni ?
Surge, age ! surge, piger ! Latius quem Cæsar ado-
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli, [rat,
Turgentis animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis ;
Et memor Hesperix disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoontæa nuper regnante puellâ.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires ;
Tyrrenum implebit numero milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle :
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit ;
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesces ;
Irritus ille labor : tu callidus utere fraude :
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres, trabeâ canisque verendos ;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
Protinùs ipse-igitur, quoscunque habet Anglia
fidos

Propositi factique mone: quisquamne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
Perculsosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.”
Dixit; et, adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque, adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis:
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visûs et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Efferat quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptaque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes; nulloque sequente per
antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus um-
bris,

Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt :
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur :

“ Finibus occiduis circumfusus incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi ; prudens Natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo :
Illuc, sic jubeo celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffentur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago :
Et, quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.”
Finierat ; rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvaminè cœlos
Despicit ætheria Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ ;
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terrâ
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas ;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ,
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ ;
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros :
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;
Qualitèr instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum ; aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce ;
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima
captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride ! servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,

Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpè
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit
Carmine tam longo; servati scilicèt Angli
Officiis, vaga Diva! tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremante:
"Fama siles? An te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo?"

Nec plura; illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes:
Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit:
Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura, spargit:
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Auctoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis
Et paritèr juvenes, paritèr tremuere puellæ,
Effetique senes paritèr; tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto

Ætherius Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres :
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS¹. ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis :
 Cùm centilinguis Fama, proh ! semper malâ
 Cladisque vera nuntia,
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
 Populosque Neptuno satos,
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinûs
 Ebullebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpè devovens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore ;
 Graiusque vates parciûs
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobulen suam.

¹ Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely, died October 5, 1626, not many days after Bishop Andrews, before celebrated. He had been also master of Pembroke Hall, as well as Bishop Andrews.

At ecce ! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :
“ Cæcos furores pone ; pone vitream
Bilemque, et irritas minas :
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita ?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao ;
Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei
Messés ubique colligit ;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat :
Ut cùm fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
Themidos Jovisquæ filiæ ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris :
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audiui, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror :
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Boëtis, terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia ;
Non ensis, Orion ! tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longeque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam;
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
 Stiatum smaragdis atrium.
 Sed hîc tacebo; nam quis effari queat,
 Oriundus humano patre,
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui."

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM².

HEU, quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis!
 Ergône marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque, situsque,
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?

² This was an academical exercise, written in 1628, to oblige one of the fellows of Christ's College.

Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægæam proles Janonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque, Phœbe! tui casus imitabere nati;
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam æerei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec foveat effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed, semper amicâ
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis paritèr formosus ab Indis,
Ætherium pecus alienti qui cogit Olympo,
Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,

Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volut :

Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque, Terra ! tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille decorem,
 Phœbe ! tuusque, et, Cypri ! tuus ; nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in
 ævum

Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum ;
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli ;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES
 INTELLEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum Deæ !
 Tuque, O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater ! quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas !
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos, atque ephemeridas Deûm ;
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,

Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei ?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis ;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci :
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum :
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas :
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,
Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis),
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus ;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

AD PATREM.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, Pater optime! carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi
Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil ætherios ortus, et semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara car-
men

Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet.
Carmines sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ:
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cùm repetemus Olympum,

Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis;
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa, sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cùm nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivium vates,
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actûs, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea, cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
Carmine, non citharâ; simulachraque functa canendo

Compulit in lacrimas. Habét has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas;
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos;
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?

Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Diduumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Caimœnas,
Non odisse reor; neque enim, Pater! ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;
Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis;
Me poscunt majora: tuo, Pater optime! sumptu
Cum mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores;
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus;
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluit aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit:
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinât ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna, præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?

Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo;
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul, vigiles Curæ! procul este, Querelæ!
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo!
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia! rictus;
In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

Attibi, chare Pater! postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco;
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

AD SALSILLUM,

POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM¹.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA ! gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dæiope suras
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum ;
 Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camæna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exereet flabra,
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
 Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille !
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitèd sanum ;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosùm spirat ;
 Nec id pepercit impia, quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.

¹ Giovanni Salsilli had complimented Milton at Rome in a Latin tetrastich, for his Greek, Latin, and Italian poetry. Milton, in return, sent these elegant Scazons to Salsilli when indisposed.

O dulce divûm munus, O Salus, Hebes
Germana ! Tuque, Phœbe ! morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libentèr audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille, charis redditus rursum Musis,
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum ;
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimiùm sinistro laxis irruens loro ;
Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS¹.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat De Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUIS-TATA, lib. 20.

‘ Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi,
Risplende il MANSO.’

Is auctorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse! tuæ meditantur carmina
laudi

Pierides, tibi, Manse; choro notissime Phœbi!
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus
honore,

Post Galli cineres, et Mæcenatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis:
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divum proluxus amores;

¹ At Naples Milton was introduced to Giovanni Battista Manso, marquis of Villa, who had been the friend of Tasso: and Milton, on leaving Naples, sent this poem to him.

Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit :
Nec Manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici :
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia
cessant

Officia in tumulto : cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges.
Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ ;
Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Retulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te, Clîus et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater ! jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,
Imprudens, Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines :
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus iucultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flavescentes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta, canebant ;
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,

Delo in herbosâ, Graiæ de more puellæ,
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecæerge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate Senex ! ergo, quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini ;
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque viro-
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. [rum,
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas :
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo ;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes.
Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,
Peneïum propè rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,
Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetero loco ; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte Senex ! te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos ;
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,

Phœbeos decorasse viros qui tam benè nôrit,
Siquandò indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem !
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos heroes ; et, O modo spiritus adsit !
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges !

Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ :
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parvâ componi mollitè urnâ :
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo,
Quantum fata sinunt ; et, totâ mente serenum
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul ætherio plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

Argumentum.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniae pastores, eadem studia sequuti, à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demùm postea reversus, et rem ità esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius¹.

**HIMERIDES Nymphæ! (nam vos et Daphnin, et
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis), [Hylan,
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis, [sus;
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque reces-
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum**

¹ Charles Deodati's father, Theodore, was born at Geneva, of an Italian family, in 1574. He came young into England, where he married an English lady of good birth and fortune. He was a doctor in physic; and, in 1609, appears to have been physician to prince Henry, and the princess Elizabeth, afterwards queen of Bohemia.

Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe :
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictî
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon !
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores : illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus, amabit :
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiusque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia,
Damon !

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò ? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis ?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminens ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit

Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni [Auster
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus et malus
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cùm Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu, quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, et illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas;
“Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus
undas:”

Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus, abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus),
“Thyrsi, quid hoc?” dixit, “quæ te coquit im-
proba bilis?”

Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum :
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordi a plumbo."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et "quid te, Thyrsi! futurum est?
Quid tibi vis?" aiunt; "non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi;
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,
Docta modos, citharæque sciens; sed perdita fastu:
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti:
Nil me, blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per præta juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri.
Lex eadem pelagi: deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat; vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens;
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protindè ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos, durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum:
Aut si sors dederit tandè non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quàm non speraveris horâ,
Surripit æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosa!
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit.)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et benè compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse, "Vale, nostrì memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestrì nunquam meminisse pige-
 Pastores Thusci! Musis operata juvenus! [bit,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos! et Thuscus tu quoque
 Damon!

Antiquà genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O! ego quantus eram, gelidi cùm stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quàm mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec, puto, multùm
 Displicui; nam sunt et apud me, munera vestra,
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis², et Francinus³: erant et vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.

² Carlo Dati of Florence, with whom Milton corresponded after his return to England.

³ Anti. Francini. Vide Testimon.

Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi:
“ Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè
retardat,

Imus? et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni,
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque
hyacinthi, [dentum.”

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque me-
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro!
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,
Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam; vos, cedite, silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque
Belinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iögermen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Goriöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O! mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosâ pendebris, fistula, pinu,
Multùm oblita mihi: aut patriis mutata Camœnis
Brittonicum strides: quid enim? omnia non licet
uni,

Non sperasse uni licet omnia. Mi satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi),
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemo omne
Treantæ,

Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri;
Hæc, et plura simul: tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse.
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento.

In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama silvæ,
Has inter Phoenix, divina avis, unica terris,
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus:
Quis putet? hîc quoque Amor, pictæque in nube
pharetræ,

Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo:
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica,
Damon!

Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quod tua dulcis abiret
Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quod tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrimæ, nec flebimus ultra.

Ita procul, lacrimæ ! purum colit æthera Damon :
Æthera purus habet ; pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Ætherios haurit latices, et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades ! placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœliocolæ nôrint, silvisque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores !
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos ;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos.

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM.

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM¹.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuò mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ publicâ reponet, Ode.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis; quas tametsi omnes neo versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, itâ tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortassè dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχίσιν, partim ἀπολιλυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronte licèt geminâ,
 Munditieque nitens non operosâ;
 Quem manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim,
 Sedula tamèn haud nimii poetæ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta ludit,
 Insons populi, barbitoque devius
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

¹ John Rouse, or Russe, Master of Arts, fellow of Oriel college, Oxford, was elected chief librarian of the Bodleian, May 9, 1620. He died in April, 1652, and was buried in the chapel of this college.

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber ! quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo ?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum ?

STROPHE II.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium),
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm ;
Immundasque volucres,
Unguibus imminentes,
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasœo ?

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle ! nuntii licèt malâ
Fide, vel oscitantâ,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,

Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix ! en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ :

STROPHE III.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculi, numeroque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse ;
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ :
Teque adytis etiam sacris
Vult reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet,
Æternorum operum custos fidelis ;
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iôn,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iôn Actæâ genitus Creüsâ.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo, tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos ;
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo.
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem

Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

EPODOS.

Vos tandèm, haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas,
Quas bonus Hermes,
Et tutela dabit solers Roûsi ;
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
longè
Turba legentûm prava facesset :
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas,
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit, integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
Roûsio favente.

THE END.



